Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her burrall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle vessels side
vvould scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspect,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenso*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenso*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls
And you embrace th'occasion to
Sal. Good morrow my good
Bass. Good signiors both wh
You grow exceeding strange: m
Sal. Weele make our leysures
Exeunt

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since y
We two will leaue you, but at di
I pray you haue in minde where
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well sig
You haue too much respect vpo
They loose it that doe buy it with
Beleeue me you are meruailously
Ant. I hold the world but as
A stage, where euery man must
And mine a sad one.
Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old
And let my liuer rather heate wi
Then my hart coole with mortif
Why should a man whose blood
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alab
Sleepe when he wakes? and cree
By beeing peeuish? I tell thee w
I loue thee, and tis my loue that
There are a sort of men whose v
Doe creame and mantle like a st
And doe a wilful stilnes entertai
With purpose to be drest in an
Of wisedome, grauitie, profoun
As who should say, I am sir Ora
And when I ope my lips, let no
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of th
That therefore onely are repute

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3